Ben: Two, two, a shirt and a smocke.

Nur: *Peter*, pree thee giue me my fan.

Mer: Pree thee doo good *Peter*, to hide her face: for her fanne is the fairer of the two.

Nur: God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

Mer: God ye good den faire Gentlewoman.

Nur: Is it godyegooden I pray you.

Mer: Tis no lesse I assure you, for the baudie hand of the diall is euen now vpon the pricke of noone.

Nur: Fie, what a man is this?

Rom: A Gentleman Nurse, that God hath made for himselfe to marre.

Nur: By my troth well said: for himselfe to marre quoth he? I pray you can anie of you tell where one maie finde yong *Romeo?*

Rom: I can: but yong *Romeo* will bee elder when you haue found him, than he was when you sought him. I am the yongest of that name for fault of a worse.

Nur: Well said.

Mer: Yea, is the worst well? mas well noted, wisely, wisely.

Nu: If you be he sir, I desire some conference with ye.

Ben: O, belike she meanes to inuite him to supper.

Mer: So ho, A baud, a baud, a baud.

Rom: Why what hast found man?

Mer: No hare sir, vnlesse it be a hare in a lenten pye, that is somewhat stale and hoare ere it be eaten.

He walkes by them, and sings.

And an olde hare hore, and an olde hare hore
is verie good meate in Lent:
But a hare thats hoare is too much for a score,
if it hore ere it be spent.

Youl come to your fathers to supper?

Rom: I will.

Mer: Farewell ancient Ladie, farewell sweete Ladie.

Exeunt Benuolio, Mercutio.

Nurse

Nur: Marry farewell. Pray what saucie merchant was this that was so full of his roperipe?

Rom: A gentleman Nurse that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in an houre than hee will stand to in a month.

Nur: If hee stand to anie thing against mee, I'e take him downe if he were lustier than he is: if I cannot take him downe, Ile finde them that shall: I am none of his flurtgills, I am none of his skaines mates.

She turnes to Peter her man.

And thou like a knaue must stand by, and see euerie Iacke vse me at his pleasure.

Pet: I see no bodie vse you at his pleasure, if I had, I would soone haue drawen: you know my toole is as soone out as anothers if I see time and place.

Nur: Now afore God he hath so vext me, that euerie member about me quiuers: scuruie Iacke. But as I said, my Ladie bad me seeke ye out, and what shee bad me tell yee, that Ile keepe to my selfe: but if you should lead her into a fooles paradice as they saye, it were a verie grosse kinde of behauiour as they say, for the Gentlewoman is yong. Now if you should deale doubly with her, it were verie weake dealing, and not to be offered to anie Gentlewoman.

Rom: Nurse, commend me to thy Ladie, tell her I protest.

Nur: Good heart: yfaith Ile tell her so: oh she will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom: Why, what wilt thou tell her?

Nur: That you doo protest: which (as I take it) is a Gentlemanlike proffer.

Rom: Bid her get leaue to morrow morning
To come to shrift to Frier *Laurence* cell:
And stay thou Nurse behinde the Abbey wall,
My man shall come to thee, and bring along
The cordes, made like a tackled staire,
Which to the high top-gallant of my ioy

Must